

Lady PENELOPE

EVERY WEDNESDAY
No. 19 MAY 28, 1966

7d



DANGER
calls on
Lady Penelope



Your Post, M'Lady

PRIZE WINNERS!

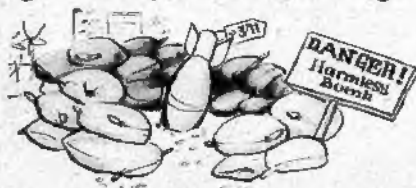
TICK-A-TEE outfits and Fashion Imp caps have been sent to the winners of the "Hairstyles" competition in Issue 11 of LADY PENELOPE. The first ten winners receive an outfit and cap, and there is a cap for each of the 20 runners-up. The ten winners are:

Linda Mannion, Northfleet; Lynn Watts, Coventry; Lindsay Wheeldon, Wolverton; Susan Blanchard, Leamington Spa; Dawn Betteley, Stafford; Denise Turner, Hull; Gaynor Montague, Oswestry; Helen Dicken, Rhos-on-Sea; Janice Race, Middlesbrough; Lynn Parsons, Barton-on-Humber.

The 20 runners-up are:
Vanda Soffe, Southampton; Sharon Stone, Leicester; Janet Willcox, Widnes; Rhona MacKay, Wick; Nina Stevens, Maidstone; Julia Wort, Birmingham; Andrea Bainbridge, Derby; Lynn Wildish, Sittingbourne; Kay Sercombe, Leeds; Christine Richardson, Hazel Grove; Allison Kay, Morpeth; Susan English, Isleworth; Yvonne Willis, Sutton Coldfield; Jeanette Evans, Liverpool; Jean Macfarlan, Pinner; Susan Larter, Chelmsford; Barbara Hopwood, Salford; Dianne Mellish, Sheffield; Pauline Halliwell, Epping; Angela Cotterell, Wellersey.

BOMBS AT THE BOTTOM OF THE GARDEN

One day when my Dad was laying a lawn he found a 3" mortar bomb in the garden. We sent for the police who came and inspected it. They put sandbags round it, and set up a danger



notice. Then a bomb disposal unit travelled all the way from York. When they arrived they discovered that the bomb was harmless.

Wendy Hawksworth,
Derby.

SEEING RED!

I have heard that dogs are supposed to be colour blind, but I disagree. We have a mongrel dog who loves to go riding on the Midland Red buses, and always begs when she sees one stop! And once when we were out, we passed two vans, one grey and one blue, and she took no notice. But then we passed a red one, and immediately she begged for a lift. Surely this shows she can recognise red.

Christine Phillips,
Gaydon.

A very smart dog—and she also knows just what to do whenever she's in a hurry to get anywhere, or when she's just plain dog tired!

SWITCHED-ON

When my friend came home from school one day, she found the electric fire was on, although her parents are out at work all day. Before going to school the next day she made sure the fire was off, but when she arrived home that evening it was on again, with the dog stretched out in front of it. This happened the next day, too. The day after that was Saturday, and after getting dressed she went to switch on the fire. The dog beat her to it. He put his paw on the switch and pressed it down. Then he casually put his nose near the bars to see if it was getting warm. She now knows why the fire was on every night!

Margaret Gray,
Birmingham.

MUSICAL PEDALS . . .

When I am cycling to school, I always take my transistor radio with me to cheer me up. The trouble is, I pedal in time to the music and with all those ballads in the charts, I've been arriving late every morning! What we need are some fast, bone-shaking numbers to make my feet whizz round.

H. Boorman,
Bexhill.



I've heard some strange excuses for lateness, but blaming the top twenty is really novel. I only hope the novelty doesn't wear off for your teachers!

FOOTBALLER

Until recently dinner-break was absolutely hectic. Why? Because the boys monopolised the playground with their football. If anybody got in their way there would be shouts of "Get off the pitch!" So a couple of weeks ago, I decided in desperation that if I couldn't beat 'em I'd join 'em. Now I am a member of the football team and am declared the best winger the team has ever had. Playtimes aren't hectic anymore!

Pat Marshall,
Dover.

Perhaps they aren't hectic for you, but it seems a shame that people who can't play football have to be pushed out of the way . . .

WRITE TO: LADY PENELOPE, 167 FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C. 4. (Comp.). If you would like a postal reply from Lady Penelope, please enclose a ready-stamped, self-addressed envelope.

BEATLE AWAY

I knew the dreaded day would come.
I overheard Dad say to Mum,
"I'm going to decorate Janet's room."
All day I walked round in gloom.
With sad and heavy heart that night,
I told The Beatles of my plight.
"Dear George and Ringo, John and Paul,
I'll have to take you off my wall."
They looked sad too, as if to say,
"We're sorry, 'cos we'd like to stay."

And so I slowly took them down,
And tried my hardest not to frown,
At last, each wall was stark and bare,
No trace of Beatles anywhere.
Forlorn and sad I crept to bed,
To try to dream of them instead.
But now my room's done and I'm glad.
No longer will I feel so sad.
'Cos now they're back upon my wall,
Dear George and Ringo, John and Paul.

Janet Richardson
Chesterfield.

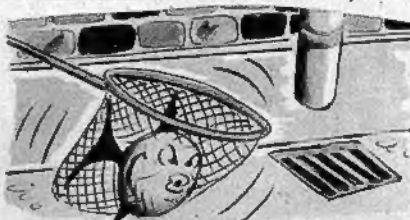


COOKERS AND WASHERS

to be won!

FISH AND TRIPS

On cleaning out our goldfish tank, one of the goldfish fell down the plughole. My father grabbed one of our fishing nets and ran outside to the drain just in



time to catch it on its way out. The fish was all right, but my Dad nearly sprained his ankle in the effort!

Carol Richardson,
Newport.

FAB Agents everywhere are talking about these two new labour-saving devices . . . the Lincoln cooker and the Lincoln washing machine/spin-drier! Both 9' high and battery powered, the washer cleans and spin-dries dolls' clothes with a non-tangle action, and the cooker has on-off switches, red lights and glowing plates! Want one? Then see the easy competition in next week's LADY PENELOPE . . . lots to be won!

YUKKI BIRTHDAY

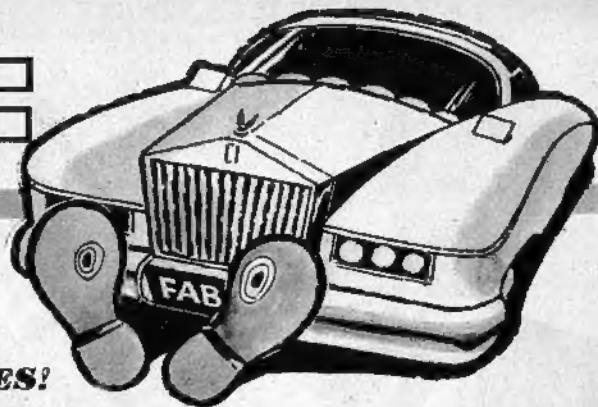
When it was my brother's birthday, my mother told him that he could choose what he wanted for his birthday tea. We all thought this was a good idea until we had it. There were glum faces when we all sat down to baked-beans and raw carrots!

Kay Pring,
Bridgewater.



PERILS OF PARKER

CLUNSY . . . ARTFUL . . . AND SAFE AS HOUSES!



After all the bank robberies that have been going on, I decided I'd keep all my savings at home where I could keep an eye on 'em...

LIVERLY! SHOULD BE AT LEAST FIFTEEN BOB IN THERE. I THINK I'LL AVE A COUNT UP TOMORROW!

CLINK CLINK

Tomorrow came... WHAT A ROTTEN TRICK! SOMEONE'S BEEN 'ELPING THEMSELVES TO ME SAVINGS!

I checked all the locks on the windows... then set me trap...

TEE, HEE, THIS'LL TEACH HIM. A QUICK BOP ON THE NOSE, THEN THE LIGHTS COME ON.

That night, I tried to stay awake, but no use...

And the next thing I knew...

OH, NO... IT'S ME... I'M THE SNEAKY THIEF... ROBBIN' MESELF IN ME SLEEP!

That decided me - I'd put me money in a bank...

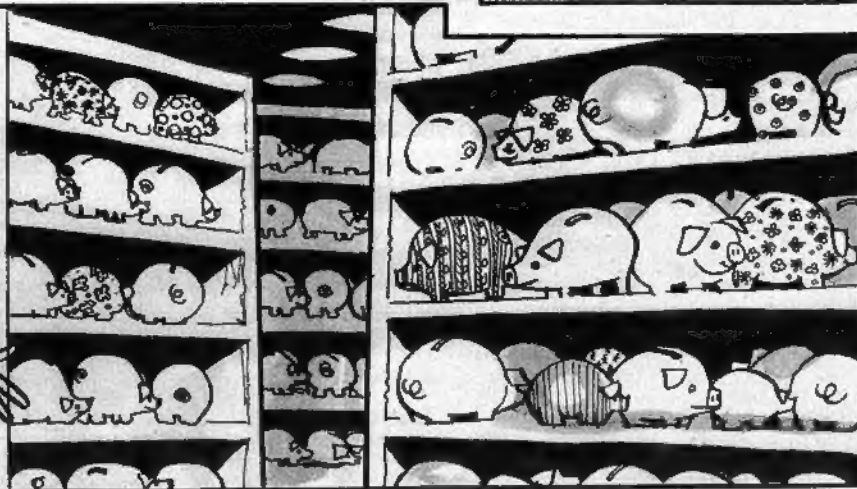
YOU WISH TO OPEN AN ACCOUNT FOR ONE AND SIXPENCE? AH, WELL, WE ALL HAVE TO START SOMEWHERE.

I... ER - 'OPE AS 'ON YOU WON'T THINK I'M SILLY - ER, SIR, BUT...

I CAN'T BEAR TO AVE ME PIGGY BANK DESTROYED... AND I THOUGHT PERHAPS YOU'D LOOK AFTER 'IM.

OH, DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT, MR PARKER... WE'LL LOOK AFTER YOUR PIGGY BANK FOR YOU!

GOOD JOB I DON'T WORK 'ERE! I'D SLEEPWALK ME LIFE AWAY!





Holidaying at the Milidas ranch, Ilya finds himself caught up in the mysterious death of five thoroughbred horses. He goes to investigate the stables and is inside when they burst into flames...



THE FRIGHTENED HORSE BUCKS AND...



ILLYA RETURNS TO HIS ROOM, AND RADIOS IN HIS REPORT...





OKAY, ILLYA - I'LL LET YOU KNOW IN AN HOUR!



STOP PRESS!



Here is part 2 of the new story from Lady Penelope's Top Secret dossiers — File No. 92946 . . .

When Patsy Taylor and her brother Wilf decide to run their own local "newspaper"—the Brandon Estate Chronicle—they find news-hunting tough going. They meet a local reporter, Joey Bullen, who takes them to a nearby fire. Accidentally Patsy prevents Joey telephoning his story to his paper, the Borough News . . . and now she and Wilf are wondering just what's going to happen . . .

THERE was a ring at the doorbell of the house in Brandon Estate, and Mrs. Taylor answered it. "It's for you, Patsy," she said anxiously. "It's a Mr. Mulvaney, and he says he's the editor of *The Borough News*."

"I told you so," said Wilf. "Joey Bullen's lost his job, and his paper's going to put the police on us for messing up his story!"

Patsy couldn't trust herself to say anything. She peeped round into the hall, and there was Mr. Mulvaney looking a hundred per cent fierce in an aggressive trilby hat and a business-like grey overcoat. His arms were folded and the fingers of his right hand drummed rhythmically on his left elbow.

"Go and see what he wants, Wilf! Tell him - er, tell him I'm busy."

Patsy's brother instantly disappeared . . . in the other direction. Patsy heard his voice coming back to her. "You're the editor! You're the boss! You said so! You jolly well see him yourself!"

Mr. Mulvaney had heard too, and now his grey eyebrows appeared round the door. He took his hat off, and Patsy was startled to hear a pleasant, friendly sort of "hullo".

"So you're my new rival," said Mr. Mulvaney, "I'm delighted to meet you."

"You are? I mean, er, thank you," stammered Patsy. "B-but I thought . . ."

"You thought," interrupted the editor of *The Borough News*, "that our excellent Joey missed his story. Well, he's far too old a hand at the game to do that. He - um - 'borrowed' a policeman's bicycle to get to the office!"

"Gosh, that's news," said Patsy. "I'll jot it down!"

Mr. Mulvaney grinned. "I'm glad Joey's made news for you then, Patsy . . . because you've made news for us. Look." He produced a long sheet of thin, brownish paper with print on it. "This is what we call a rough proof. A galley. It's a story

that's going into tonight's edition, and it's all about how Joey Bullen coped with the desperate attempts of his *Brandon Estate Chronicle* rivals to bring home the news!"

Patsy was flattered. And pleased. "But it's written as a sort of joke," she said critically. "My paper's not a joke, Mr. Mulvaney, it's serious."

"Of course it is, Patsy," he said soothingly. "And that's why I'm here. Suppose you show me your first edition? I'd like to get it photographed and print a picture of it."

"You would? Gosh, thanks! I'll see if Wilf's finished it yet!"

Wilf hadn't, but Patsy got it completed in ten minutes flat. The first page. "I've left a space for a picture there," she pointed. "I was going to get Wilf to draw a fire-engine."

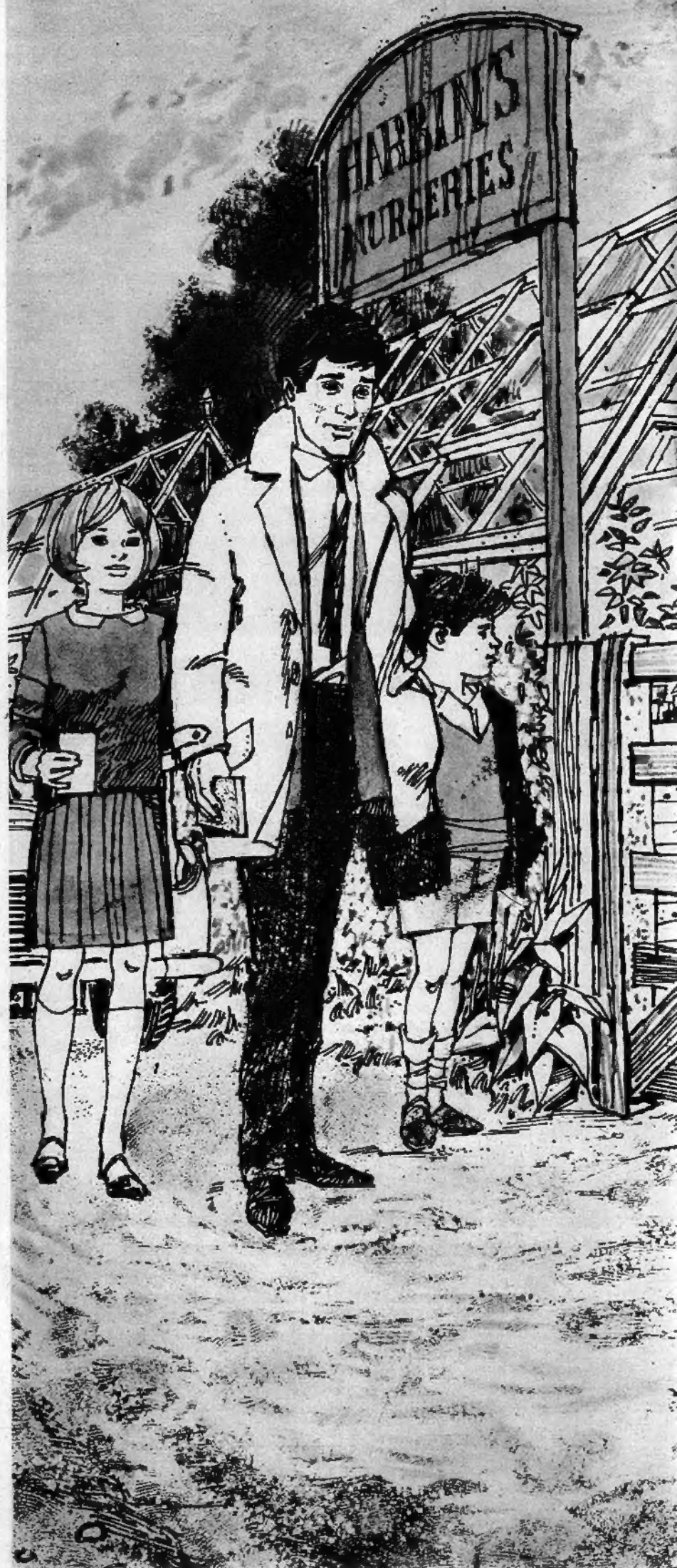
"Then fetch him," said Mr. Mulvaney, "and the pair of you can come down to *The Borough News* Office, and he can draw it there. In proper black ink, if he likes. Then you can both see how a real . . . I mean, how our newspaper is run."

PATSY and Wilf had tea in the editor's office. They saw the little room where two girls and a man organised all the advertising for the paper, and they saw the big presses in the basement. "It's early days," said Patsy, pretending to ignore the wink Mr. Mulvaney gave the head printer, "but *The Brandon Estate Chronicle*'s going to be this big in the end."

Then there was the reporter's room, and the chief reporter with his news diary. "We put all the routine jobs down in this," he explained. "Like meetings of the Borough Council, and Church bazaars, and hearings at the Magistrate's Court. They all have to be reported, so our newshounds put their names in the book and take turn and turn about with the jobs."

"And I'm for the Mothers' Guild Beetle Drive this afternoon," grumbled Joey Bullen. "A reporter of my calibre!"

"That's because he lost a bet with me," grinned Ted Banks, the youngest and newest in the room.





"While we're on the subject of daft stories," said the Chief Reporter, "old man Morgan—you must know him, he's the local gossip," he explained to Patsy and Wilf—"came in with some cock and bull tale about giant marrows growing in Harbin's market gardens."

"Giant marrows?" Young Ted Banks sat up from behind his typewriter. Patsy had taken a liking to Ted. He'd typed out a short piece headed: "Spies from *Brandon Estate Chronicle* worm their way into *Borough News* offices to steal newspaper secrets", and handed it to her under his desk.

"Giant marrows," affirmed the Chief Reporter. "It seems old meddler Morgan was snooping around Harbin's nurseries to see if their marrows were bigger than his. You know, with the annual vegetable show coming off, and all. Anyway, he swears that he went there one evening, and the marrows in the beds were about a foot long. Next evening, he says they'd grown to two feet!"

"Impossible," broke in Patsy. "My Dad grows marrows, and they don't come on that quickly."

"There could be something in it for the gossip pages," said Ted Banks. "Leaving out everyone's name, of course. Want me to check it up?"

"Okay," said the Chief Reporter. "But don't spend too long on it. It'll only make a four line joke. Hey!" He snapped his fingers at Patsy and Wilf. "Why don't you take our two news-crazy enthusiasts along? Patsy said she knew all about marrows!"

He chuckled to himself as the office door closed behind Ted Banks and the two Taylors. He wouldn't have chuckled quite so much if he could have seen even a little way into the very close future!

"THIS is Harbin's Nursery," said Ted Banks, as his Mini drew up outside a long expanse of market gardens on the outskirts of town. "Fairly recent venture . . . used to be wartime allotments and lay disused for almost fifteen years. Played on the waste ground when I was a kid."

He held the car door open for Patsy and Wilf, and led the way towards a battered gatekeeper's hut. A battered gatekeeper came out to see what they wanted.

"Closed. 'Arfdayclosin. Sezzo on the gate."

They had to wait while Ted showed the old man his press card, and the old man fetched his glasses to read it. "You get used to this sort of thing," whispered Ted to Patsy.

"Oodyerwantee?" said the gatekeeper.

"Preferably Mr. Harbin himself," smiled Ted. "About marrows."

"Narrows? Ain't nobody called Narrows 'ere. 'Ang on an' I'll phone Mr. Harbin. You'll have to see 'im instead."

"I hope our friend makes himself clear enough to Harbin," said Ted, as they waited for what seemed like hours. They could see the gatekeeper through the filthy windows of his hut, talking and gesticulating into an ancient telephone. It seemed like even more hours after he'd put the phone down before, a smallish, squat little man in violently checked tweeds came rolling down from some distant greenhouses towards them.

"Hullo, yes?" He was brusque almost to the point of being unpleasant. "What do you want?"

Ted Banks was not in the least put

out. He smiled affably. "I'm from *The Borough News*, Mr. Harbin," he said. "We've had word that you're producing giant marrows, and we thought it might make something for the paper, in view of the annual vegetable show."

"I don't exhibit," snapped Harbin. "I'm a professional, not an amateur. Yes, I grow marrows, but they're nothing out of the ordinary."

He beckoned them to follow him, and stamped back towards the greenhouses. "Come and see for yourself. Can't have every gardener in the district thinking I'm going to do him out of the vicar's first prize."

"But you said you didn't enter," interrupted Ted.

"Yes, yes. But you know what busybodies are. They'll think I'm growing marrows privately, for one of their blooming rivals."

Here was an open greenhouse, and there were the marrows. Plenty of them. And all ordinary marrows.

"There's nothing wonderful about them," said Patsy. "No bigger than Dad's," added Wilf.

"Then we're sorry to have wasted your time," grinned Ted Banks. "Thanks, Mr. Harbin. Come on, gang."

ON their way home from *The Borough News* offices, Patsy's and Wilf's minds were still thinking of marrows. Perhaps it was because it was lunchtime and they were hungry.

As they strolled to the bus stop, they saw a familiar figure standing there. It was Mr. Morgan, the man the chief reporter had called "Old Meddler".

Typically blunt, Patsy tugged at his sleeve. "Mr. Morgan, we went out this morning and had a look at Harbin's. The marrows weren't two feet long. Why did you say they were?"

Morgan looked taken aback. But Patsy had paper and pencil out all ready, and was waiting like a true reporter for his statement.

"You - you didn't believe me?" he spluttered. "Hang it, girl, I'll show you! If you've got five minutes, you can short cut over the railway bridge, along the path behind the nurseries, and get back on the bus route. Are you game?"

"Certainly, Mr. Morgan. The press must know the truth." (That was something Patsy had heard Mr. Mulvaney say to the Chief Reporter that morning).

THERE was a high fence along the bridle path behind Harbin's Nurseries, but Mr. Morgan, like all busybodies, knew where the loose planks were. He reached the spot, and pulled the slats aside. He was the first to crouch and look through . . . and he was a long time at it.

At last, he turned round . . . and his eyes were wide. "L-look," he stuttered. "Look for yourselves!"

Patsy and Wilf squirmed into the gap, and what they saw was incredible. There was Harbin, and there were some of his gardeners. One file of men carried trays of growing marrows from the back of the greenhouse . . . marrows one foot long. The marrows Patsy, Wilf and Ted Banks had seen.

But another file of men carried other trays of marrows into the greenhouse . . . and these were giants. Not two, but at least three feet in length!

TO BE CONTINUED



**ON SALE IN THE SHOPS NOW!
FIRST TIME IN ENGLAND
3D. PAINTING SETS FROM THUNDERBIRDS!**

**ACTUAL SIZE
12½" DEEP 16½" WIDE**

LADY PENELOPE TEA SET

ON SALE IN THE SHOPS NOW!

Lovely Lady Penelope tea set in 'Penelope pink'. This is a REAL 29 piece tea set which includes an authentic Georgian tea pot, sugar bowl and milk jug, each with its own Lady Penelope monogram. Beautifully laid-out in a colourful window-display box.



LADY PENELOPE DRESSING TABLE SET & JEWELLERY SET



"The Dressing Table Set brings out my elegance... & the Jewellery my charm & deadly danger!"

Lady Penelope dressing table set, all monogrammed with Lady Penelope's own initial. The set includes an elegant hand mirror, hair brush and comb and a gorgeous powder bowl decorated with an imitation orchid. The set comes in its own beautiful display box.

8'11^D

Charming Lady Penelope jewellery set, containing a pearl necklace, bracelet, hair band and a ring which can be adjusted to fit any finger. The whole set is in 'Penelope pink'

1'11^D

J. ROSENTHAL (TOYS) LTD. LONDON COLISEUM · ST. MARTINS LANE · LONDON · W.C.2

LIMITED SUPPLY IN SHOPS NOW!

Their ways are outmoded—but boy, are they loaded!

The Beverly Hillbillies

THE MILLIONAIRE HILLBILLIES GET A COLD RECEPTION...



JETHRO TRIES HARD, BUT...



SO ELLY MAY SPEEDS UP THE RECORD PLAYER...



THE OWNER OF THE ACADEMY IS ALMOST IN TEARS...



BUT NEXT DAY...



JED CLAMPETT SHOWS GRANNY A NEWSPAPER ADVERTISEMENT...



JETHRO AND ELLY ARRIVE AT THE DANCING SCHOOL...

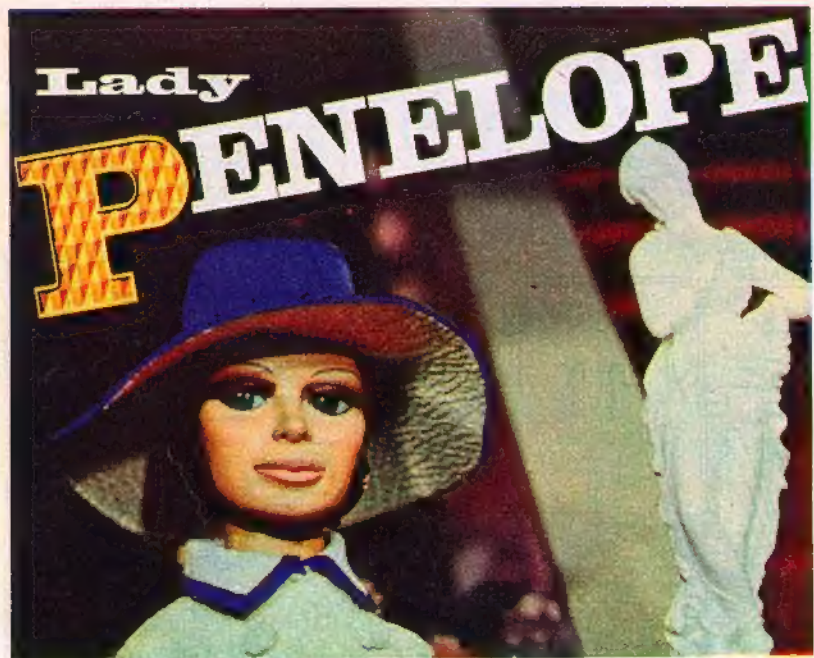


THE BORED PUPILS START TO WAKE UP... WHUP-PEEE!



THE TEACHER ADMITS DEFEAT, AND RUSHES ROUND TO THE CLAMPETTS' HOME... PLEASE, MISS CLAMPETT... YOU MUST COME BACK TO THE ACADEMY... AT LEAST FOR THE REST OF THE WEEK.





Mr. Steelman, with the aid of six identical girls, has committed a series of fantastic robberies. The police are baffled but Lady Penelope suspects her old enemy, Mr. Steelman, decides to eliminate the threat to his plans...



MAKE NO MISTAKE... KILL LADY PENELOPE!

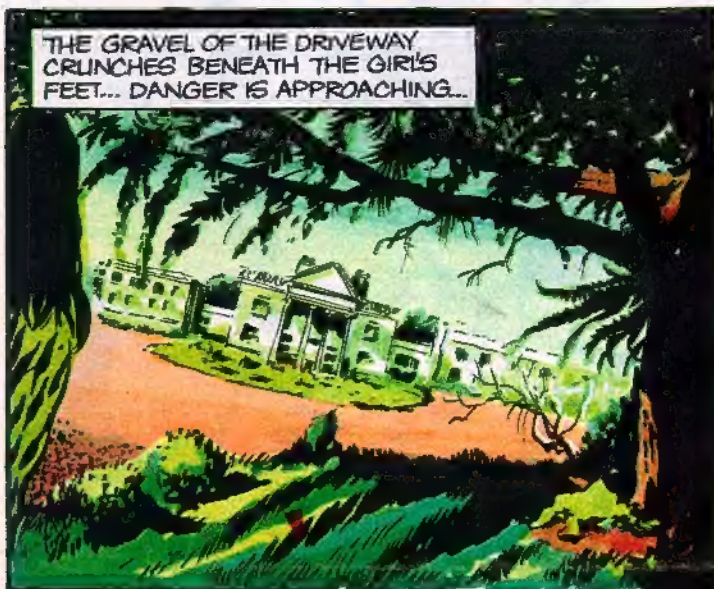
SO PERISH STEELMAN'S ENEMIES. I WILL RULE THE WORLD

THE WORLD'S MOST DANGEROUS CRIMINAL COMPLETES AN OMINOUS MESSAGE.

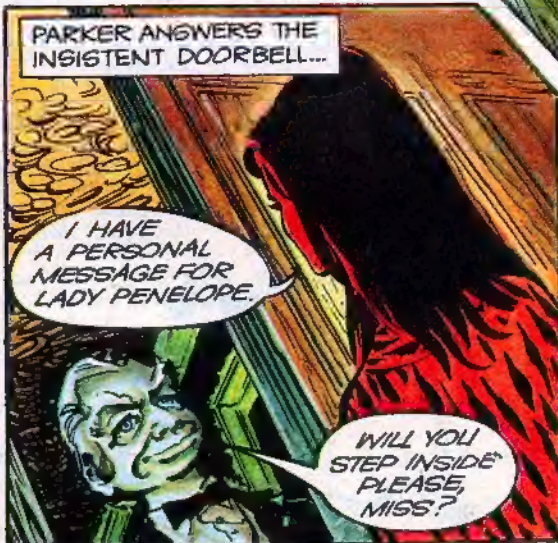
THE GIRL LEAVES MR. STEELMAN'S LINCOLN'S INN HIDEOUT...



A SWIFT LIMITED-STOP COACH TAKES THE MESSENGER OF DEATH TO THE CREIGHTON-WARD ESTATE...



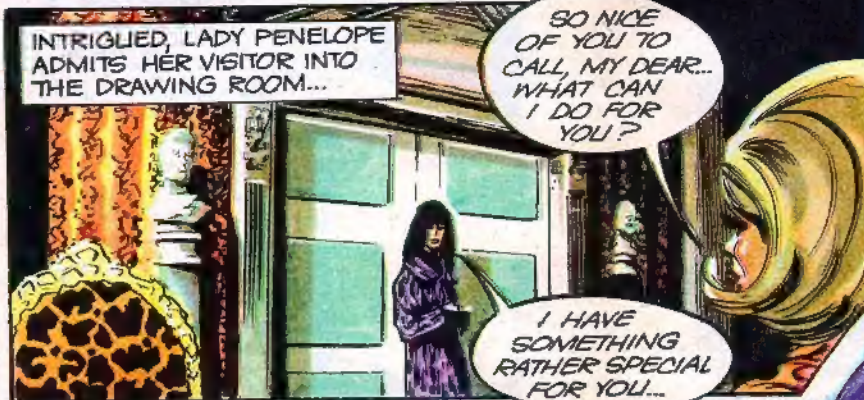
THE GRAVEL OF THE DRIVEWAY CRUNCHES BENEATH THE GIRL'S FEET... DANGER IS APPROACHING...



PARKER ANSWERS THE INSISTENT DOORBELL...

I HAVE A PERSONAL MESSAGE FOR LADY PENELOPE.

WILL YOU STEP INSIDE PLEASE, MISS?



INTRIGUED, LADY PENELOPE ADMITS HER VISITOR INTO THE DRAWING ROOM...

SO NICE OF YOU TO CALL, MY DEAR... WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

I HAVE SOMETHING RATHER SPECIAL FOR YOU...



THE GIRL'S HAND FLIES DOWN...



INSTINCTIVELY HER LADYSHIP DODGES TO ONE SIDE...

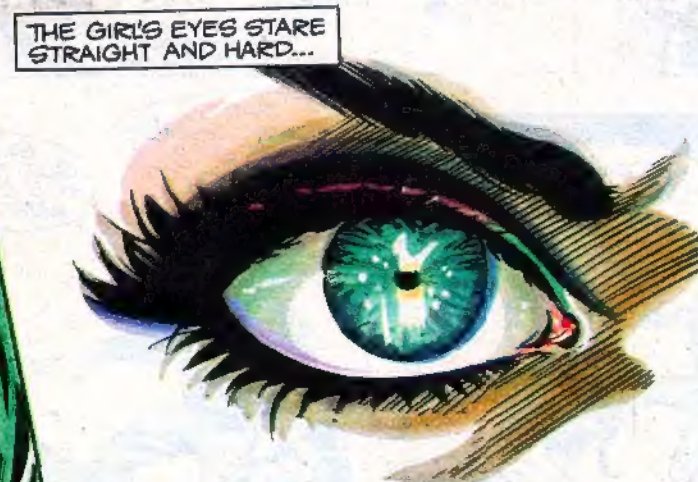
THAT'S NOT QUITE THE KIND OF PRESENT I ENJOY!



FOR A MOMENT, THE SINISTER VISITOR REMAINS! MOTIONLESS, THEN...

MUST KILL LADY PENELOPE!

PARKER... WILL YOU COME TO THE DRAWING ROOM, PLEASE?



THE GIRL'S EYES STARE STRAIGHT AND HARD...



YOUR EYES... STOP STARING AT ME... I FEEL DIZZY... PARKER... YOU'D BETTER HURRY!



HER SENSES REELING, PENNY'S MIND SLOWLY GOES BLANK, MESMERIZED BY THE GIRL'S PENETRATING GAZE...

MUST KILL LADY PENELOPE!



PARKER HAS NOT HEARD HER LADYSHIP'S PLEAS FOR HELP... BUT HE ENTERS THE ROOM ON A NORMAL ERRAND...

O! YOU CAN'T DO THAT TO 'ER LADYSHIP!



FURY LENDS SPEED TO PARKER'S MOVEMENT...

I NEVER 'IT LADIES... BUT YOU'RE SOMETHING ELSE AGAIN!



THE GIRL SWINGS ROUND...

AAGH!

PARKER CRASHES HEADLONG TO THE GROUND... AND MR. STEELMAN'S COURIER OF DESTRUCTION RETURNS TO HER ORIGINAL PLAN...



MUST KILL LADY PENELOPE!

Ken*Doddy

THE Diddy People, as any Doddy fan knows, are a species of very small people whose voices sound like bath water running down the plug-hole, and who constantly lose their shirts.

"Me Grandaddy was a Diddy man," said Ken Dodd, "and so was me Diddy Granny." Naturally this Diddy streak runs in the family, though Ken Dodd himself is far from small. "I do lose me shirts, though," he said.

Ken Dodd lives in Knotty Ash Towers, Liverpool—very near to the famous jam buttie mines and the knotted string factory. "In fact,"

he said, "it's a lovely sight at this time of year when the thermos flasks are in full bloom."

Doddy once sold pots and pans to housewives from a travelling hardware van, back in his Liverpoolian youth. "But I'd wanted to be a comedian since I was about eleven years old. I'd no idea how to go about becoming one."

He knows now. Over the past four years Ken Dodd has become one of Britain's top comedians with his own radio show, a series on television and a season at the London Palladium. He did it the hard way.

"What I'd really like to do is to start a college of giggleology, where people can go to study what makes people laugh."

He means this seriously—and it seems a good idea. There are drama colleges for actors, art colleges for artists but no giggleology colleges for comedians. "You've got to start somewhere, haven't you?" he said, manipulating his mouth round his teeth quite amazingly.

Doddy is a happy man. Sometimes he will go for days without any sleep, writing his scripts, appearing in shows, rehearsing for radio. "I love it, it isn't like work."

His enthusiasm for living practically bursts from his crumpled shoulder pads. "The best sound in the world," he said, his eyes round with delight, "is a playground full of laughing children, laughing because they're glad to be alive."

I'd say the next best sound to that is hearing someone making other people laugh—the way Doddy does it.



Doddy and his diddy bicycle set off on a tour of Knotty Ash.



Highly tickled, Doddy has obviously just heard one of his own jokes!

Bassett's Bassett's Bassett's Bassett's Bassett's Bassett's Bassett's Bassett's

YEAH! YEAH! Jelly Babies!

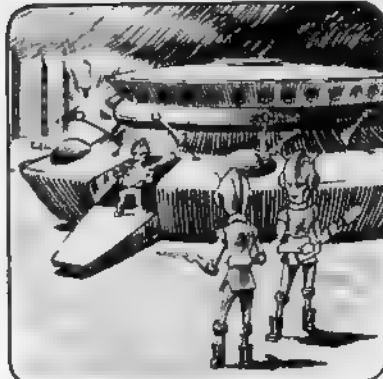
We name no names, but a certain pop group is believed to rate JELLY BABIES top of the sweet parade! Look for BASSETT'S on the pack! Raspberry 'n orange 'n lime 'n lemon 'n blackcurrant all in together in a ¼ lb pack for only 10d!

Bassett's Bassett's Bassett's Bassett's Bassett's Bassett's Bassett's Bassett's

"S.O.S. THUNDERBIRDS" ZOOM COMPETITION



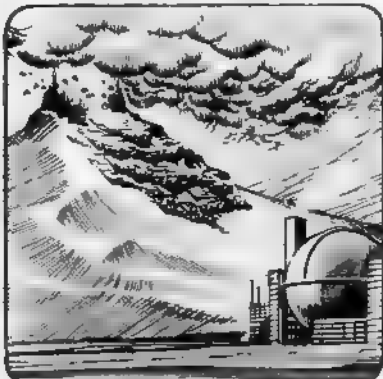
A S.O.S. from Lady Penelope . . . Stranded on Pacific Island . . . No water, no food.



B S.O.S. from Australia . . . Flying saucer landed with Martians. Have captured Army headquarters and have death-ray guns.



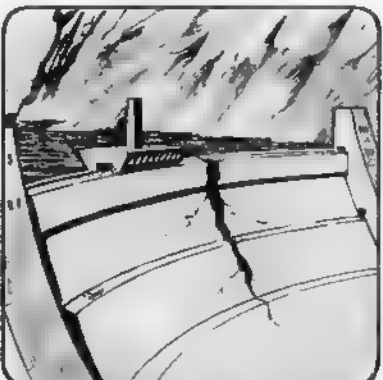
C S.O.S. from Atlantic . . . Jetship disaster . . . Sinking . . . Passengers awaiting rescue.



D S.O.S. from atomic research station. In path of volcanic lava. Please rescue scientists.



E S.O.S. Thunderbird 4 wrecked in the Arctic. Commander-in-Chief of International Rescue Organisation aboard.



F S.O.S. Thunderland Dam in danger of bursting. Collect Engineers and send quickly to Thunderland.

**10 First Prizes of £100 of toys
you can choose yourself!**
20 2nd Prizes of super bicycles
500 Cameras as Consolation Prizes
- and a Prize for mum too!

Have fun boys and girls.

Here's an exciting competition that gives you all the thrills of the famous Thunderbirds TV series - plus 530 chances of winning a prize! For the first prize, you yourself can choose £100 worth of toys - from a list containing Go Karts, record players, radios, etc. If you win a 1st or 2nd prize your Mum can choose £15 of Philips home appliances for herself. And everyone who completes one whole entry form will receive a super set of coloured Thunderbirds transfers. So start right away.

How to enter Imagine you're on duty in the control room of International Rescue, with the 5 'Thunderbirds' ready for rescue operations.

Suddenly, six desperate rescue situations arise (as illustrated in

pictures A to F). You are asked to help with each of them. But you can only deal with one at a time. So you must decide in what order you would undertake the six rescues.

Which rescue do you think is the most urgent? Put the Picture letter of the one you choose beside First Rescue in the 1st Try column - and so on, until you have completed the six rescues.

You can have up to 6 tries on the Entry Form, provided you send one Zoom wrapper for each try. Your sixth try is free.

Now copy out the short sentence on the Entry Form as neatly as you can. Write in your name, age and address clearly. Then post your

entry with the correct number of Zoom wrappers in a sealed and correctly stamped envelope, addressed to:-

Zoom 'Thunderbirds' Competition,
18/20 St. Andrew Street,
London E.C.4 (Comp.)

The closing date is Monday, August 8th, 1966. You can enter as often as you like until that date.

RULES

1. Boys and Girls living in the United Kingdom may enter providing they will be under 16 on 8th August, 1966, the closing date for entries.

2. Every entry examined and First Prize awarded to competitor whose order of organising the six rescue operations is judged best by expert judges. All other prizes to next-best entries in order of merit. Mother or guardians of winners of 1st and 2nd prizes will each receive a £15 worth of Philips home appliances.

3. In event of ties, judges will make awards to competitor whose writing or printing and general neatness of the copied sentence are judged best, (all allowance being made for age).

4. Boys and Girls enter on understanding that judges' decision in all contest matters is final and legally binding. Correspondence not allowed.

5. No limit to number of entries, but they must be made in INK or BALLPOINT and accompanied by correct number of ZOOM Iced Lolly wrappers. Entries must be posted to: Zoom 'Thunderbirds' Competition, 18-20, St. Andrew Street, London, E.C.4. (Comp.).

6. Every winner notified by post and complete list of names available for inspection for two weeks ending 22nd August, 1966, at Glacier House, Hamersmith Grove, London, W.8.

Extra entry forms available at shops or vans selling Lyons Maid 'Zoom' Iced Lollies or from Zoom 'Thunderbirds' Competition, 18-20 St. Andrew Street, London, E.C.4. (Comp.). Please mark envelope 'Rules and Entry Form' and enclose a stamped, addressed envelope.

ENTRY FORM FOR ZOOM 'S.O.S. THUNDERBIRDS' CONTEST

Thunderbird Rescues	1st Try	2nd Try	3rd Try	4th Try	5th Try	Free 6th Try
1st Rescue						
2nd Rescue						
3rd Rescue						
4th Rescue						
5th Rescue						
6th Rescue						

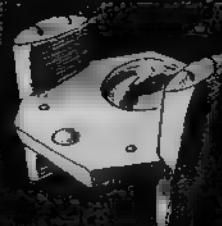
Now copy neatly in the space below
'ZOOM' Iced Lollies are made by Lyons Maid

Now neatly fill in the rest of this Entry Form and post to: ZOOM 'S.O.S. THUNDERBIRDS' 18/20 St. Andrew St., London, E.C.4 (Comp.).

Name _____ Age _____
Address _____
Town _____ County _____ LPCI

Lyons Maid

Space Family Robinson



Searching for solarium to replace the burnt out batteries of their space station, the Robinsons land on a meteorite-bombarded planet. A monster grabs their spacemobile and drags it down to a beautiful undersea city. An eerie noise whispers through the craft and soon its occupants drift into a hypnotic sleep. Voiceless questions penetrate their minds . . .

WHICH OF YOU IS LEADER AND WHERE ARE YOU FROM?

IN A DEEP TRANCE, CRAIG TELLS THE UNSEEN INTERROGATORS THE WHOLE STORY...

A CONTROL IS OPERATED AND A SECTION OF THE CEILING OPENS...

... AND NOW MY SON IS BADLY INJURED AND NEEDS URGENT MEDICAL ATTENTION.

WE ARE FROM A DISTANT PLANET CALLED EARTH.

WE WILL GIVE YOU THOUGHT PICTURES OF OURSELVES FOR WE ARE DIFFERENT AND WILL APPEAR AS ODD TO YOU AS YOU DO TO US.

THEN..

YOU WILL WAKE UP NOW.

MMM... WHAT A STRANGE DREAM I HAD... FUNNY THREE LEGGED PEOPLE...

HOW ODD, TAM... SO DID I...

WAS IT A DREAM...? LOOK!

EERILY THE VOICE OF ONE CREATURE PENETRATES THE SPACEMOBILE...

DO NOT BE AFRAID... WE WILL HELP YOU. PLEASE OPEN YOUR CRAFT AND COME OUT...

COME, THERE IS NO TIME TO LOSE. YOUR SON IS VERY SICK.

HOW DO THEY KNOW TIM IS HURT, MUM...?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT THEY SEEM FRIENDLY ENOUGH...

THE MONORAIL SPEEDS THROUGH THE CENTRE OF THE CITY...

I AM DR. ZEK, LEADER OF THE GONDAS. ONCE WE LIVED ON THE SURFACE, THEN CAME THE METEORITES.

OUR CITIES WERE DESTROYED... SO WE FOUND SAFETY DOWN HERE BENEATH THE OCEAN.

WE TRAIN THE GIANT EELS TO CATCH THE METEORITES AND BRING THEM DOWN TO US. IT IS OUR MAIN SOURCE OF MINERAL ORE.

TIM IS TAKEN INTO THE GONDA HOSPITAL...

A THOUGHT MESSAGE FROM MY COLLEAGUES, YOUR SON NEEDS AN OPERATION. DON'T WORRY - HE IS IN GOOD HANDS!

I KNOW, BUT IN TWENTY EARTH HOURS OUR SPACE STATION WILL BURN UP AND OUR HOPES OF RETURNING HOME WILL BE ENDED!

THIS week, FAB Club has been thinking BIG. Top agents in the Research Dept. have ferreted out fantastic facts on everyone and everything that is the mostest. The famous, the wealthy and the eccentric . . . to find out about them, just read on. Which reminds me, I must ask Parker now to start polishing the most lavish and expensive car in the world . . . my pink Rolls-Royce, FAB 11

Penelope C-W.

HEADY STUFF!

The costliest perfume in the world is Patou's 'Joy', costing £225 a pint! At over £5 10s. for a quarter ounce phial, the scent is bought by film stars and titled ladies!

*The stuff that dreams
are made of...*

This bed costs £3,000 and is plated in 22 carat gold. The 'Golden Bed' was bought by the wife of an African minister of state after she saw it in a shop window during a visit to London. When news of the lavish bed reached the African state there was a scandal... the minister lost his job and the bed was returned to the shop window!



RICHEST MAN IN BRITAIN

... Sir John Ellerman, the shipping magnate. He is such a hermit that one of his servants—employed for fifteen years—complained that he didn't even know what the millionaire looked like! Once, when Sir John was strolling in the grounds of his Eastbourne home, a gardener mistook him for a tramp and ordered him out! He has written books and is a world expert on ... rats!

RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD

... Paul Getty, whose fortune is estimated to be between 300 and 600 million pounds!



Jacqueline Bayliss,
Luton.



Katherine Bateman,
Barnsley.



**Althea Richards,
Sheffield.**

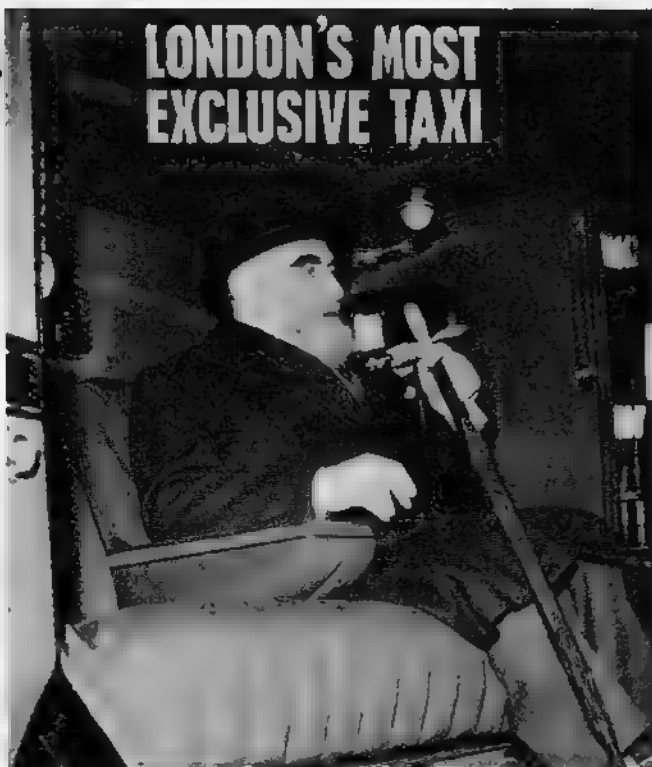


Suzanne Sullivan
Arundel



**Pamela Briggs,
Newcastle-on-Type**

LONDON'S MOST EXCLUSIVE TAXI



IT was an ordinary taxi. But by the time the coach-builders, the electricians, the carpet specialist and numerous other technicians had finished with it . . . it looked like this! The 'taxi' belongs to eccentric millionaire Nubar Gulbenkian, and cost £3,500 to fit out. He prefers a taxi—"Because it can turn around easily." The car has a fitted carpet, electrically operated windows, brass coach lamps, central heating and is painted in black and green stripes. Mr. Gulbenkian was specially measured for the car—with his bowler hat on! —to make sure he could sit up comfortably!

HIGHEST PAID ACTRESS

... Elizabeth Taylor, who received £357,000 for her role in the film 'Cleopatra'!

Most Expensive School

**... in the world is Le
Roey in Switzerland.
Classes are held in a
13th century castle and
the basic fees are £720
per year!**

TALLEST BUILDING

... in the world is still the Empire State Building in New York . . . although it was built over thirty years ago!

Most Valuable Fur Coat

... a rare azure blue mink coat bought for an undisclosed price in Paris by Eva Peron—wife of an ex-President of Argentina. She also had a fondness for ermine bedjackets!

HOW TO LOOK A MILLION DOLLARS

—yet hardly spend a cent!

These days you don't have to spend a fortune to be well dressed. Today's fashion really is geared to small budgets. For instance...

S Shiny plastic handbags are all the rage, no longer try to look "like leather"—and after all, you can't imitate plastic—it's the real thing!

S French scent is expensive, but don't try to compensate with cheap, cloying perfume. Try inexpensive lavender water instead.

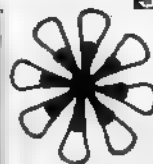
S Hunting the shops for make-believe pearls? Manufacturers are now producing creamy opaque ones, much more authentic than those old-style white ones!

S Head-scarves don't have a price tag . . . they can be silk, crisp white cotton voile, or chiffon. Model girls rely on them to hide hairdressing disasters. But here's the trick: knot the scarf at the nape of your neck, out of sight, not under your chin. Much more dressy looking!

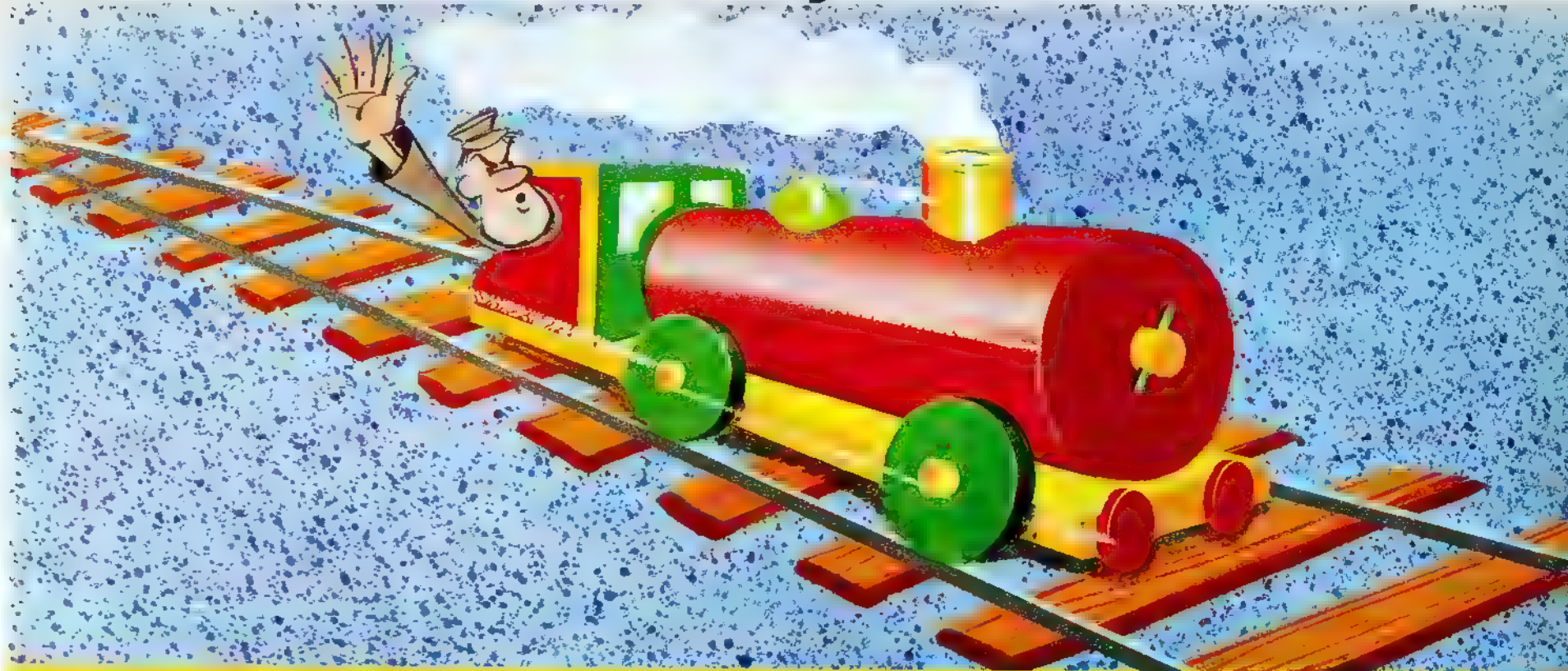
S Top girls keep fingernail tips whiter than white by lightening the underside with a white pencil from any chemist's beauty counter.

S Wearing a "dull" cardigan over a dress? Models fasten the top button only and wear cuffs snugly hugging wrists—looks pampered!

S Get that million-dollar feeling with a pick-me-up Sona tonic bath, in floral or pine fragrance, only half-a-crown a pack!



**FAB
CLUB**



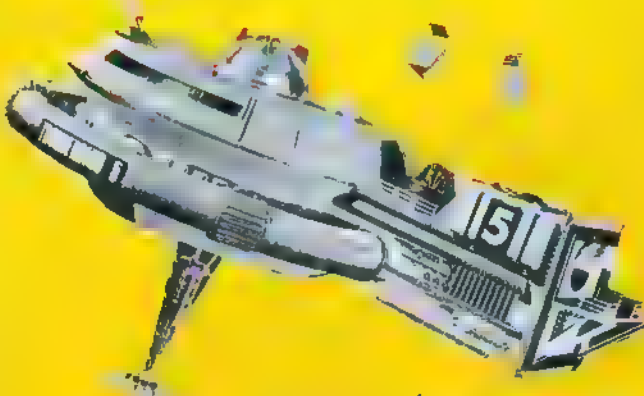
HOW TO BE THE BEST DRESSED HEROINE

HERE are the five famous Tracy brothers of International Rescue. And the five Thunderbird craft are pictured, too—Thunderbird 1 is at the top of the opposite page, rescuing model girl Valerie!

For this week's competition, with TEN prizes of Duprez et Cie dresses and Clarks shoes to be won, you simply have to say which of the five brothers usually pilots or controls each of the Thunderbird craft.

For instance, Alan and John take it in turns to do monthly duty in Thunderbird 5, the Space Monitor—but who is the official controller? Who usually pilots Thunderbird 1 and the other three craft?

Fill in your answers on the coupon below and write your full name, age and address clearly. Then complete the sentence "I would like to join International Rescue because . . ." in not more than ten words. Finally state the size of Duprez et Cie dress and Clarks shoes (see page opposite for sizes available) you'd like if you are one of the ten winners this week, and post your entry to the address at the foot of the coupon, to arrive **NOT LATER** than Tuesday, May 31, 1966.



VIRGIL



ALAN



SCOTT



GORDON



JOHN



RULES

All entries will be examined, and age, neatness and originality of sentence completion will also be taken into consideration. The Editor's decision is final and legally binding. No correspondence can be entered into. Winners will be notified by post, and their names printed in LADY PENELOPE as soon as possible.

DO NOT ENCLOSE ANY OTHER CORRESPONDENCE, QUERIES, PHOTOS, ETC., WITH YOUR ENTRY COUPON. ENTRIES WHICH DO SO WILL BE DISQUALIFIED.

The rules for this competition are the same as those printed in previous issues of LADY PENELOPE. A full copy of the competition rules can be obtained from the address on page 2, if a ready stamped, self addressed envelope is enclosed.

THUNDERBIRDS COMPETITION

NAME

ADDRESS

AGE

The usual controllers of the Thunderbird craft are:

Thunderbird 1

Thunderbird 2

Thunderbird 3

Thunderbird 4

Thunderbird 5

I would like to join International Rescue because

(limit 10 words)

If I win I would like a Duprez et Cie dress in size..... and Clarks shoes in size.....

POST TO: THUNDERBIRDS COMPETITION, LADY PENELOPE, 317 HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.99.

—and so are FAB CLUB PRIZES!

HELP!

Hurry, International Rescue! The train is almost here! Mmmm—wonder who will rescue me . . . Scott? Virgil? Must look my best for the Tracy family. Good thing I'm wearing my new pink DUPREZ ET CIE dress. Comes in blue, brown or green, too, you know . . . all with white checks. Made in tricot mixture, it hand-washes and drip-dries. Size range is 20" to 32" length, it costs from approximately 45/- and stockists include: D. H. Evans, London; Cawdells, Watford; Alex Henderson, Glasgow; Petchells, Grimsby; Cavendish House, Cheltenham; Clement Freeman, Liverpool; R. W. Weekes, Tunbridge Wells; Smalls, Edinburgh.

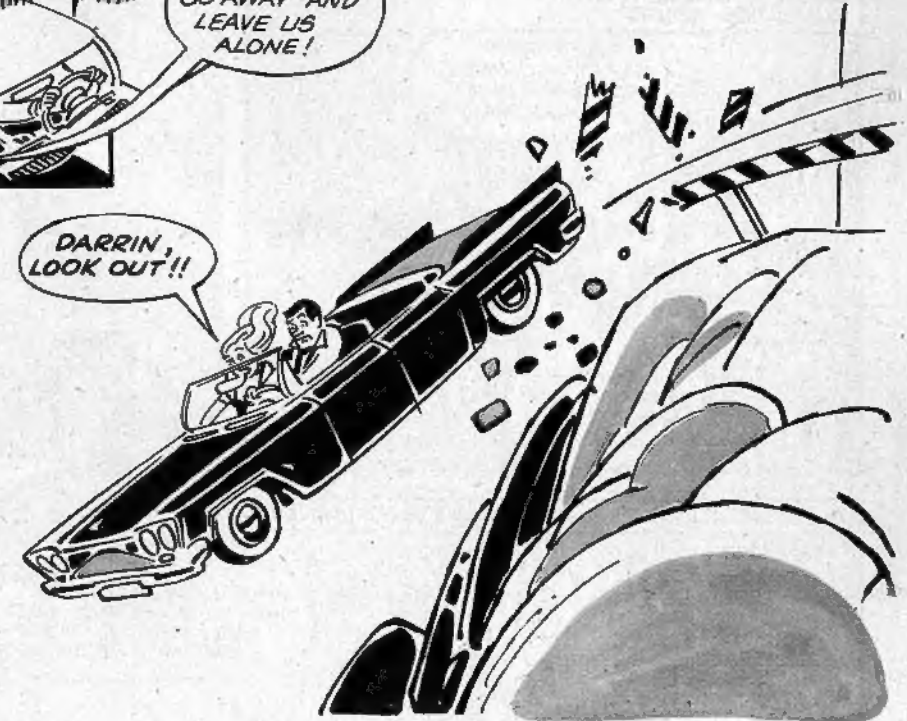
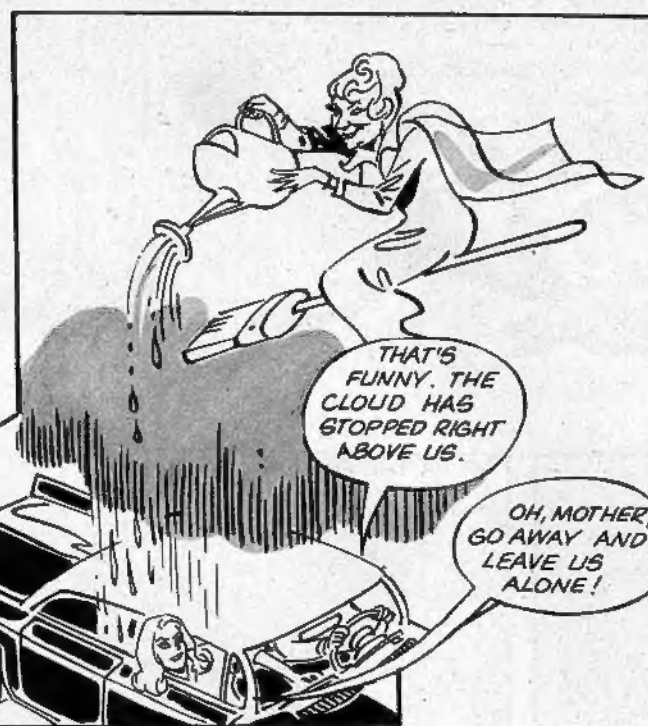
A pair of CLARKS shoes goes with each of the ten prize dresses this week! This cool, light-weight summer shoe, "Kandi", has a bar-strap and comes in white. In pretty mesh weave, the shoe costs from 17/11 according to size (8-10, 11-1½, 2-3). But to ensure winners have a perfect fit, they will receive a voucher which they can take to their nearest CLARKS stockist!

THERE'S ALWAYS MAGIC IN THE AIR WHEN THE ENCHANTING SAMANTHA IS AROUND!



SAM AND DARRIN CONTINUE THEIR SEARCH FOR A SUITABLE PICNIC SPOT ALONE, OR SO THEY THINK...







APHONY, MARINA AND BARINTH HAVE FOUND MORE PACIFICANS IN SOME CAVES. AS THEY REUNITE, BARINTH HEARS A GREAT RUMBLING SOUND...



FROM THE FIRST MACHINE, A STRANGE MAN SWIMS...



A GREAT SHOUT RISES FROM THE PACIFICANS...



AS WORK PROGRESSES, MORE AND MORE PEOPLE ARRIVE TO HELP...



AND BY THE END OF THE FIRST DAY...

